

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

*For the LITERARY TABLET.*

## FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

*MR. ORLANDO,*

I AM an old man—have read little and thought much ; but whether to the purpose, or not, is the question. It is generally the case, that old people think the modes and customs, prevalent in the days of their childhood and youth, much preferable to those prevalent at the present day.—This will not hold true in all cases ; but doubtless will in some. Every age has some follies, and every age some virtues.

Perhaps it may be thought I exhibit the censoriousness of an old man, in giving the preference to the mode of family-government, prevalent in the days of my childhood and youth, to that which is now in general practice.

In days of old, it was generally thought best to govern the conduct of children ; to regulate their passions and to instruct them the difference between moral good and evil.

At the present day the maxim of too many is “The best way to govern children is to let them please ;” but does not ob-

servation teach, when children are left to themselves, their unruly and boisterous passions lead them on from one sinful extravagance to another ?—The passions of children are strong and turbulent, and commonly speaking, they have not reason sufficient, suitably to regulate and govern themselves—they therefore need the prudent and discreet interference of parents, masters, or guardians. Some doubtless have drawn the reins of family government too close, and have essentially injured their children by severity. Children have generally such a flow of animal spirits, that they cannot bear the confinement of those who have arrived to years of maturity. The happy medium is undoubtedly best, in this, as in all other cases. Children are rational beings, and should be dealt with as such. Those of any ingenuity will lend a listening ear, when their understandings are addressed.

There are two men, now on the stage and in my neighborhood, with whom I have been acquainted, from their childhood to the present day, and perfectly know the manner in which they were both educated and governed. I would observe they were both naturally very passionate.—We shall distinguish them by the names of Acanthus and Lepidus.

The father of Acanthus early saw the necessity of regulating his son's passions. When he was but a lad, he sometimes severely corrected him, and for the quarrelsome disposition he exhibited perverseness of his temper, by his frowns and with his play-fellows. He was ever careful to mingle instruction with correction. He pointed out to his son the unhappiness he would create in his own bosom, and the infelicity his family do not suffer alone ; but all suffer with

would occasion his friends and all around, by giving loose to his unruly passions. His correction and instruction had the desired effect.—Acanthus early acknowledged the justness of his father's remarks and began the regulation of his temper. He hardly arrived to man's estate, before he obtained a perfect ascendancy over his passions. At suitable age he entered the family state. He is now a kind husband—a tender parent, and obliging to all—Perfect harmony runs through his family, and he obtains the confidence of all his acquaintance.—This he attributes wholly to the discreet method in which he was regulated and governed, in the days of his childhood and youth. Notwithstanding his native turbulence, he has his passions so wholly under the control of reason, that he never gives way, even to sudden fallies of anger.

The conduct of Lepidus is directly the reverse.—His father took no care to regulate his passions ; but on the contrary was pleased with his quarrelsome disposition—He ever ordered him never to receive an affront, and commanded the nobleness of his mind, whenever he revenged a real or supposed injury.—Thus encouraged by his father he unbridled all his passions and gave full vent to the native impetuosity of his temper. In consequence of his

conduct he was soon despised, neglected and despised by his companions. This was so far from producing a reformation, that it served rather to make his mind, if possible, more foul and morose.

The father of Lepidus was rich, and he wished not to curtail the expenses of his son ; but rejoiced to think him a blood of the first rate. Having a flush of money he could sometimes introduce himself to company far his superiors. As his passions were warm and under no control, he gave loose to every criminal desire. By his intrigue and artifice, he triumphed over the virtue and modesty of several, otherwise amiable young ladies, and destroyed the peace of their minds and the happiness of their families. He at length became attached to a young lady, whose virtue was impregnable.—Finding he could not obtain his wicked purpose, he proposed marriage, to which she too readily assented, in opposition to the remonstrance of all her best friends.

The filken knot had been tied but a short period, before he treated her in the most scurrilous manner imaginable. For many years she has dragged out a most miserable existence. She has no kind looks, no soft words, no endearing expressions from her husband ; but is constantly treated like a menial slave. Unhappily she has a number of children, who receive no suitable instruction from their father ; but by the perverseness of his temper, by his frowns and blows, which are dealt out without consideration, and often without the least provocation, they are kept at a most awful distance. His

them, in a greater or less degree, who have any intercourse or dealings with him. If a man does not think as he thinks, or act agreeable to his mind, he is sure to be loaded with insults and reproaches.

But few were regulated and governed like this man, in the days of my childhood and youth—But is not this too much the mode of treating children and youth, at the present day ? Is not this too much the maxim ? Let every child do that which is right in his own eyes.

I earnestly wish for the happiness of my country ; but am sure the country cannot prosper unless rational family government is maintained. If parents wish their children to be pests in society, let them leave them to their own hearts lusts a prey. If they wish their children to be happy in themselves and a blessing in society, let them early be taught the importance of regulating and governing their passions.

SENEX.

FOR THE TABLET.

## MAN IS MAN.

HOWEVER interesting this consideration may be to us, as private characters, it is still more so, when we act as members of a commu-

nity, with whose prosperity our own are inseparably connected.—For the support of Burton, government, and the preservation of our son. tranquility, power must, necessarily, be vested in individuals adequate to the duties, attached to their respective offices. In the appointment of magistrates, however, the principles, suggested by our motto, should ever govern our conduct.—The hero, who has hazarded both life and fortune in the service of his country, and has given evidence of his attachment to the interests of his fellow citizens, is indeed worthy their confidence, and merits a share in the honors of state. But let him still be considered as man : as a being partaking of all those corrupt propensities, which characterize human nature. The distinguished services of a citizen, in promoting the public prosperity, are, indeed, an evidence of patriotism, but they likewise denote an ambitious, aspiring mind, which is rarely content with less than universal dominion.

The fairest representations of such a character were not wanting among the Ancients, and are, likewise, daily exhibited among the Moderns.—The once renowned kingdom of Syracuse had abundant reason to lament her rashness in surrendering, unreservedly, her dearest rights into the hands of the abandoned Dyonisius, who had too artfully played upon the passions of her citizens, and acquired unlimited power by the indulgence of an excessive desire of promotion, which was, unfortunately, mistaken for the noble spirit of patriotism.—Thus did a powerful nation, by one unguarded step, place life with all its enjoyments at the disposal of an unprincipled tyrant, whose great

## LITERARY TABLET.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

## THE GAMBLER.

MR. ORLANDO,

MANY persons conceive, that playing cards for *amusement* is a very innocent and harmless way of passing a social hour. To correct this fatal mistake, induces me to transmit you the following account.

Jack Sprightly was born in Gamble-street, in the town of Dissipation, county of Licenseness and state of Anarchy. His parents were industrious, frugal and honest. Jack was their only child. Accordingly he was educated with the greatest care and tenderness. His affectionate parents were ever feelingly alive to all his interests. They fondly anticipated, that their beloved son, for whom they had spent so many anxious days and nights, would dutifully requite all their kindness, and thus render their declining years peaceful and serene. Were not human nature so liable to change, Jack's conduct, in early life, might justly have insured his parents, that they should realize their most sanguine expectations. An amiable disposition, united with an active, brilliant mind, improved by a refined education, made Jack Sprightly the object of universal esteem. Thus he lived, till sixteen long, blooming years had rolled away. But blossoms of the fairest hue do sometimes blight and yield no pleasing fruit.—Here, I faint would stop and save myself the pain of re-hearsing the sequel. But the ~~former~~ charge, ~~which~~, with his dying breath, prompts

*Thy pitying aid, O God imparely per-*

*For love, we have sinned, & now we lie.*

of that restless spirit of enterprise, by which he was first distinguished among his countrymen. We have beheld, with horror, his ravages among the nations of the east, often obtaining by subtlety and lies, what the force of his arms could not effect.—To these truths, many of the Italian States can bear melancholy testimony.—The unhappy countries of Switzerland and Holland exhibit marks of cruelty, which are unparalleled on the records of time. The vast extent of Europe, however, was tho't a space too limited for the execution of his premeditated plans.—Africa, in her turn, was invaded by this conqueror, to whom seas of human blood seemed inconsiderable obstructions to universal dominion. This conqueror sacrificed thousands of French veterans, worn out in his service, that he might not be retarded in his progres in human butchery.

Such a series of crimes, we might expect, would have stamped a character with everlasting infamy, and rendered it 'a reproach among the nations of the earth.' But on the contrary, we see him crowned with more than princely honors, and swaying the sceptre over an extensive empire. His cursed ambition knows no bounds; his thirst for sovereign power is yet unsatisfied. Nations still tremble before him; while he, like the renowned Alexander, is fixing upon the poles of the world as the only limits of his conquest.—While such calamities pervade the continent of the East, let us indulge the fond hope that America, in attending to her national concerns, will be mindful of the important truth, that "Man is Man."

CINCINNATUS.

Iustice, by habit, soon becomes familiar. In the course of two, or three years, Jack thought it almost necessary to play cards one, or two nights every week. His parents, ever watchful for his good, beheld the mournful alteration in his views and feelings. They counseled and admonished him; but to no purpose. He considered their notions of morality as the whims of bigotry and capricious old age; and thought them very improper judges of what was suitable for a young man in his situation. He sometimes soberly reflected on his conduct; and then he solemnly promised amendment. But his heart still loved the pleasures, in which he rioted. His fondness for cards introduced him among the more profligate, and he became a noted tavern-haunter. One vicious habit prepares the way for another. He pursued his evil courses so assiduously, that, by the time he was twenty-five, he was a drunken gambling, debauchee. His aggrieved parents continued to use entreaties and remonstrances, but all in vain. He was seldom to be found, except at the coffee-house, or brothel.

Such continual excesses destroyed his constitution and impaired his health. At the age of thirty, he was evidently hastening to a premature death. He was unable to appear abroad, his strength rapidly failed and his physician pronounced his case desperate—He now had opportunity for serious reflection. But how could he endure the retrospect of such a life? The dreadful forebodings of his guilty conscience filled him with horror at the thought of dissolution—He daily grew ~~worse~~ for once, believing ~~that~~ he must die. But ~~was~~ how unprepared!

None of his comrades, although earnestly and pressingly requested, could ever be persuaded to visit him in his sickness. Such is the friendship of the wicked, that it leads them to forsake their companions, when they are brought into distress. At one of the daily visits, I made during his confinement, he thus exclaimed,— 'O, my cursed folly! my cruel advisors—had it not been for you, my state would not have been hopeless! O, what blessings, I have abused—what black ingratitude towards my tender parents! what would I give, could I but recall *only a few hours* of that precious time, I lavished at the card-table—But it is too late, eternally too late for me!'—The scene became too distressing to witness—I was obliged to retire. A few days after this, I was called to see him die. I hastened to the place—his eyes were fixed—his pulse exceeding faint. Addressing himself to me, he spake in this most melting strain, 'You know what has been my ruin; this wrongly named innocent amusement of playing cards—Exhort all, who follow this bewitching practice to take warning by me—Bid them flee the yawning gulph of woe, which awaits *me*, and will be *their* portion, unless they abandon that foul-destroying vice of *killing time*. O eternity! eternity! overwhelming thought! how it fills my soul with anguish!—Loving parents, *farewell*—never shall I see you more, save at the dreadful bar of God!'—His speech failed,—a horrid ghastliness brooded on his countenance, and with a most heart-rending groan he bid this world, *adieu*!

DISCOS TANTALOS.

## SELECTIONS.

## FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## BALLOON ASCENSION.

*Extract of a Letter from Venice, dated October 14.*

"I SEND you an account of a very singular and extraordinary aerial voyage. Count Francis Zambecari, of Bologna, Dr. Graffetti, of Rome, and M. Pasqual, of Ancona, had prepared a very large air-balloon, which on Friday, the 7th of October, they filled in the city of Bologna. The filling proceeded very slowly; it was not full till about midnight, and the above-mentioned Gentlemen proposed to defer their ascent till the next day; but the impatience and clamour of the people of Bologna obliged them to ascend about three quarters after midnight. They, however, resolved to come down again as soon as possible. The balloon being set at liberty, rose with prodigious velocity, and soon attained such a height, that Count Zambecari, and Doctor Graffetti, benumbed with cold, which at the first produced an inclination to vomit, sank into a kind of insensibility and a deep sleep.

M. Pasqual, who alone was awake and in possession of his senses, could not ascertain the height to which they had ascended by the barometer, because the wax-light they had carried with them in a lantern was gone out.—About half after two in the morning, the bal-

loon burst, and the four men fell into the Adriatic Sea, on the coast of Romagna. He then awakened his companions, and endeavoured to procure a light by means of phosphoric matches, but did not succeed; he at length obtained one by using tinder in the common manner. Soon after the balloon, with the car that was fastened to it, fell into the Adriatic Sea, and with so much force, that the water dashed over them above the height of a man. The Aeronauts, drenched with sea-water, benumbed with cold, and in fear of immediate destruction, threw out a bag of sand, all their instruments, and every thing they had with them; after which, the balloon rose a second time with extreme rapidity. They passed through three ranges of clouds one above the other; their clothes were covered with a hoar frost; and on account of the rarity of the air in which they were when they had ascended above the clouds, they could scarcely hear each other speak. The moon shone on the clouds below them, and appeared of a blood-red colour. Some time after three, the balloon again descended, though very slowly, and a brisk south-west wind drove it over the Adriatic Sea towards the coast of Istria. The car frequently touched the water, and for five hours the adventurers were in momentary danger of death. At length, on Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, they were taken up, and rescued from the perilous situation in which they were, by the *manzara*, (a kind of large bark) of Anton Bazol, about ten Italian miles from the harbor of Veruda, in Istria. The balloon being *up* to the wind, flew over the mountain Oss

and probably went into Dalmatia. The Aeronauts came in the same ship, with their hands and feet entirely benumbed with cold, to Pola, a port in Istria, where they remained four days to recover from their fatigues. To-day, about eight in the morning, they arrived in Venice, and gave the above account of their adventures. Their aerial voyage from the coast of Romagna to Istria, is a distance of 20 German miles (about 120 English). Had it not been for the brave seaman Antony Bazol, who very ably steered his ship to save them, they would, no doubt, have been buried in the waves.—They were received here with the utmost hospitality, and do not appear to have any desire to make another aerial excursion at midnight."

[*European Mag.*]

## THE CAMELEON.

M. GOLBERRY, during his residence in Africa, ascertained the faculty attributed to the Cameleon, of living upon air alone for a considerable length of time: he confined five Cameleons in separate cages, surrounded by a fine gauze, so as to exclude any insect, or substance of any description, floating in the air. In a few days they became thin, and acquired a blackish grey colour, a certain sign of their distress; but having arrived at a great degree of leaness, they remained in the same state for the space of a month, without any evident diminution of their strength. At the end of two months, they became so weak and languid

as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages—their skins became almost black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themselves to more than half their usual size; they at length became nothing more than animated skeletons. The first that died, existed 89 days without food; the second, 91 days; the third, 105 days; the fourth, 115 days.—The fifth Cameleon had been 115 days without food, when M. Golberry set it at liberty, and in a fortnight it recovered colour and strength; shortly after which it escaped from his farther observation.

The Cameleon lays motionless on a bough, or in the grass, and lets its glutinous tongue, which resembles an earth-worm, hang pendant; the tongue is probably gifted with a scent, by which small insects are attracted; and when covered with them, it is drawn in with astonishing rapidity. Referring to their colour, M. Golberry says, "When I kept my Cameleons in a cage, and plagued or tormented them, I saw that they laboured under anguish and rage, which they sensibly expressed by expiring the air so strongly that its force became audible; soon after which these animals became lean, and their fine green colour was tarnished. On continuing to tease them, they became a yellow green; then a yellow, spotted with red; then a yellow brown, spotted with red brown; next a brown grey, marked with black. At length they became thinner, and assumed different shades; but these were the only colours ad could succeed in making them adopt."—M. Golberry wrapped them in different coloured stuffs, and left them for whole days in that slate, but the colour of the animal was never

affected by the practice, and he is of opinion that the change of colour is produced by its internal motions, and the influence of heat or cold, light and darkness, health, ease, &c. The Cameleon has a power, peculiar to itself, of moving its eyes in every direction, and entirely independent of each other.

The Cameleon is so organized, as not only to inspire a very great quantity of air, but also to retain, absorb, and digest this fluid, which penetrates and filters through all parts of the body, so that even the feet, tail, and eyes, are filled with it.

A wise annotator on the Pentateuch, named Peter Harrison, has observed of Moses's two tables of stone that they were made of *shittim-wood*.

## FARRAGO.

G. A.'s production has arrived and shall have a place in the next Tablet.

## MARRIED,

In Janesburg, (Vir.) Mr. Andrew Marnis, aged 97, to Miss Fanny Fessenden, aged 17.

At Rockingham, (Ver.) Levi Barnard, Esq. of Lunenburg, attorney at law, to Miss Lucy Page, of the former place.

At Orford, Mr. Abel Curtis, to Miss Lucy Morey.

At Oxford, Ver. by the Rev. Dr. Burton, Mr. Samuel Trifket, to Miss Betsy Robinson.

*'Tis the kind hand of death unlocks the chain,  
Which clogs the noble and aspiring soul,  
And then the christian lives.*



## DIED,

In Newyork, Mr. Thomas Gardner—he began the world in the business of a taylor, and died worth a million of dollars.

In Boston, deeply lamented, the Hon. Thomas Davis, Esq. aged 48.—Sarah Madden; by accident her bed was set on fire by a candle; and she was burnt to death before the fire was discovered.

At Haverhill, (Mass.) of a paralytic shock, Rev. Hezekiah Smith, D. D. Pastor of a Baptist Church in that town, aged 67.

In Charlestown, (Mass.) Thomas Macdough, Esq. aged 65, English Consul for the Eastern States.

At Grafton, (Ver.) Mr. Samuel Spring.

In this town, on Monday last, Mr. Thomas Brown, in the 21st year of his age, son of Mr. Zadock Brown.—Mr. Jonas Ketcham.

## LITERARY TABLET.

## SELECTED POETRY.

## THE CURE OF SAUL.

[Continued from p. 40.]

NOW let the solemn numbers flow,  
Till he feel that guilt is woe.  
Heav'ly harp, in mournful strain  
O'er yon weeping bow'r complain :  
What sounds of bitter pangs I hear !  
What lamentations wound mine ear !  
In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed :  
Peace with innocence is fled.  
The messengers of grace depart :  
Death glares, and shakes the dreadful dart !  
Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhor'd,  
To shun that frowning Cherub's fiery sword ?—

Lo !  
Hapless, hapless pair,  
Goaded by despair,  
Forlorn, thro' desert climes they go !  
Wake, my lyre ! can pity sleep,  
When heav'n is mov'd, and angels weep !  
Flow, ye melting numbers, flow ;  
Till he feel that guilt is woe.—

The King, with pride, and shame, and anguish,  
torn,  
Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn.  
The glowing youth,  
Bold in truth,  
(So still should virtue guilty pow'r engage)  
With brow undaunted met his rage.  
See, his cheek kindles into generous fire :  
E'en him o'er his lyre . . . .  
And, while the doom of guilt he sings,  
Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.

What sounds of terror and distress  
Rend yon howling wilderness !  
The dreadful thunders sound ;  
The forked lightnings flash along the ground.  
Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below ?—  
'Tis for heav'n's rebellious foe :—  
Fly, ye sons of ISRAEL, fly,  
Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die !—  
They sink !—Have mercy Lord !—Their cries  
In dreadful tumult rise !  
Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear !  
They lessen now, and lessen on the ear !  
Now, destruction's strife is o'er !  
The countlefs host  
Forever lost !  
The gulph is clos'd !—Their cries are heard no  
more !—

But Oh, my lyre, what accents can relate  
Sinful man's appointed fate !  
He comes, he comes ! th' avenging God !  
Clouds and darkness round him roll :  
Tremble earth ! ye mountains, nod !  
He bows the skies, and shakes the pole.  
The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,  
He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world :  
"Ruin lift thy baleful head :  
"Rouse the guilty world from sleep ;  
"Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed,  
"And burst the rocks that chain thee in the  
deep."—  
Low th' impetuous torrents rise ;  
Hoarse-ascending deluge roars :  
Doth rush the cataracts from the skies ;

The swelling waves o'erwhelm the shores.  
Just, O God, is thy decree !  
Shall guilty man contend with thee ?  
Lo, hate and envy, sea-intomb'd,  
And rage with lust in ruin sleep ;  
And scoffing luxury is doom'd  
To glut the vast and rav'rous deep !—  
In vain from fate th' astonish'd remnant flies :  
" Shrink, ye rocks ! ye oceans, rise !"—  
The tottering cliffs no more the floods control ;  
Sea following sea ingulphs the ball :  
O'er the sunk hills the watry mountains roll,  
And wide destruction swallows all !—  
Now fiercer let th' impassion'd numbers glow :  
Swell the song, ye mighty choir !  
Wing your dreadful darts with fire !  
Hear me, monarch !—guilt is woe !

Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along  
The deep impetuous torrent of his song ;  
SAUL, stung by dire despair,  
Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair :  
From his blood, by horror chill'd,  
A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd :  
Then, foaming with unutterable smart,  
He aim'd a dagger at his heart.  
His watchful train prevent the blow ;  
And call each lenient balm, to heal his frantic  
woe :  
But pleas'd, the shepherd now beheld  
His pride by heav'n's own terrors quell'd :  
Then bade his potent lyre controul  
The mighty storm that rent his soul.

Cures : the body's pain  
A sweet relief may find :  
But gums and lenient balms are vain,  
To heal the wounded mind.  
Come, fair repentance, from the skies,  
O fainted maid, with upcast eyes !  
Descend in thy celestial throud,  
Vested in a weeping cloud !  
Holy guide, descend, and bring  
Mercy from th' eternal king !  
Calm his soul, your beams impart,  
And pour your comforts o'er his heart !—

They come : O king, thine ear incline :  
Listen to their voice divine :  
Their voice shall every pang compose,  
To gentle sorrow melt thy woes ;  
Till each pure wish to heav'n shall soar,  
And peace return, to part no more !  
(To be concluded.)

## SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

THIS lofty spire, these ancient walls,  
To times of yore the mind recalls ;  
And fills the soul with awe profound,  
For those who fram'd its ancient bound.

Lo ! Heroes, Chiefs, to earth consign'd,  
Leave scarce a vestige here behind,  
Except a stone, to let us know,  
Their mighty selves are laid below.

Be vain mankind ; behold thy slate,  
When housell'd thus, beneath a slate,  
Whose only record is, when read,  
That thou hast liv'd, and now art dead.

MINUS MINIMUS.

## HAPPY REVIEW.

IN my youth I was careless and gay,  
Freely joining in Pleasure's career ;  
'Twas the spring-time of life—it was May,  
And ne'er thought of the date of the year.

But to Vice's allurements not prone,  
Busy Love whisper'd soft in my ear,  
" There's no comfort in living alone,—  
And pray look to the date of the year."

My fond heart gave assent, beating high,  
And acknowledg'd the maid that was dear ;  
Ready Hymen soon fasten'd the tie—  
Ever blest be the date of that year !

Many summers roll'd on full of joy ;  
Many winters that never were drear :  
And oft-times or a girl or boy  
Gave delight to the date of the year.

Bred in harmony, virtue and truth,  
Happy faces around me appear ;  
And the grateful affections of youth  
Prove a balm to the date of the year.

While old friends, full of sense, taste, and knowledge,  
Sweeten life with attachment sincere ;  
And the stories of school and of college  
Seem improv'd from the date of the year.

Thus I've liv'd till my hair has grown grey,  
And still pleasantly move in my sphere ;  
For December is cheerful as New  
And content marks the date of the year.

## EPITAPH ON MISS ROSE.

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,  
Blasted before its bloom ;  
Whose innocence did sweets disclose,  
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those, who for her loss are griev'd,  
This consolation's given,  
She's from a world of woe reliev'd,  
And blooms a rose in Heaven.

## EPIGRAM.

I LAUGH, a would-be sapient cries,  
At every one that laughs at me—  
Good Lord ! a sneering friend replied,  
How merry you must be.

## DULL PREACHING.—An Epigram.

" Alas ! Religion," Spintext said, and sigh'd ;  
" Alas ! Religion has from Britain fled."  
" I'm glad to hear it Sir, a wit replied ;  
For by your preaching, I conceiv'd her dead."

Hanover, N. H. FEB. 6, 1805.

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